Lying their heads @ my Masters Feet

Swiftly I go through the night in search of prey to feed the master

Hurriedly I search for the most interesting of victims Worthy of [redacted] food for my God

ROSCIOUS Furonii ii his[her] appetite for pleasure, even deeper Ii desire for pain

I arrive there, examining my surroundings carefully, ~~I hunt~~ tracking @ first by sight. Moving through the crowd with pure steps, I found the shoulders that sweet mine MINE
Turning, I crash into a face with the back of my hand -
They gather them - the intended victims to be picked as prey for the master

Ii pure Ii was just admiring what a lovely face you have
Victim chosen, Id you touch everything you admire, Ii not afraid too.